

ONVERTS:

11630. C. 14

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A

FAMILIAR ODE.

ADDRESSED TO

G—L—, Chan—r of the Ex—r.

K

Hei mihi, qualis erat: quantum mutatus ab illo.

VIRG. *Æneid.*



LONDON:

Printed for J. MORGAN, in Pater-noster-Row.

ONVERTS:

A

AMILLIA ODE

ADDRESSED TO

G. L. ---, Chan--- of the Ex---

Her noble, gentle, and
Vinc. Finch.



LONDON:

Printed for J. Morgan, in Paternoster-Row.

THE

CONVERTS:

I.

SIR G-----, put off that strange Disguise,
What with your Peruke's monstrous fize,
Your Gown, and Band, and Purse,
I scarcely knew you; in your Dress,
Your Credit too, perhaps, not less,
You're altered for the worse.

II.

Had you a *Call*? or was't a *Light*,
From Court that shone upon your Sight,
Made you a Politician:
Ordained to teach, and propagate,

III.

Of Taxes, your three Children dear,
 'Tis hard you only One can rear :
 : One in it's Birth died quickly,
 The last, which came before it's Hour,
Tho' nurs'd by B-----d's changeling Pow'r,
 Is still lean, poor and sickly.

IV.

The former Issue of your Brain,
 Songs, Eclogues, Odes, a hopeful Train,
 Smil'd lovely at their Birth,
 And now grown up, in Credit thrive,
 Still flourish, and will long survive,
 When you're laid low in Earth.

V.

Had'st thou not better, still have play'd,
 With *Hogley* Muses in the Shade?
 They oft with Rapture heard,
 Your younger Voice in gladsome Lays,
 Resounding, matchless Delights.

VI.

Of you conceiv'd they better Hope,
 Charm'd with the Strain to Poyntz and Pope,
 And pleas'd with Letters Persian :
 But all in Tears, alas! they burst,
 And mourn that fatal Hour, when first
 You meddl'd with Conversion.

VII.

Conversion favour'd by the Great,
 Encouraged both in Church and State;
 How wisely, who can say?
 For Dealers in that shifting Trade,
 Who their *Old* Friends have once betray'd,
 May *New* Ones too betray.

VIII.

But whether Converts, true or feign'd,
 Or Place, or Pension, all have gain'd :
 You know, Sir, there are many,
 Who've serv'd, at least, their private Ends,

IX.

How many have *like fauning* B---w---r,
 Of late renounc'd the Papal Power,
 For *George*, our Faith's Defender?
 An *English* B---p, J---n's made,
 And St---e and M-----y, have betrayed,
 The Cause of the Pre-----r.

X.

Old H---r---e too, believes, or dreams,
 'Tis right to forward Treaty Schemes,
Converted by a Peerage,
 An Honour, sure, full dearly earn'd,
 To lick that Hand, which overturn'd,
 His Brother at the Steerage.

XI.

Now, whether F--x to H--d---k grave,
 Or he to F--x, is turn'd a Slave,
 Let that still rest a Doubt:
 Both hate each other, yet agree,
 'Tis better for

XII.

You think so too, then be *translated*,
 I fear you'll else again be baited,

By Wits and sneering Scoffers :
 For Quiet, and *for Salary sake*,
 You can't do better than retake,
 The Charge of Household Coffers.

XIII.

Your talents, not in Figures lies,
 Leave Estimates, Accounts, Supplies,
 Not worthy your regarding,
 To wiser Heads, not his, who rules
 The Treasury, but his working Tools,
 Money-Slaves, W---t and H---g.

XIV.

'Tis vain relying on his G--ce,
 Secure to keep you in *this* Place,
 Beyond his Power and Art is,
 He mounted up so high of late,

XII.

You think so too, then be translated,
I fear you'll else again be baited,
By Wits and sneering Scoffers:
For Quiet, and for Safety sake,
You can't do better than retake,
The Charge of Household Coffers.

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Your talents, not in Figures lies,
Leave Estimates, Accounts, Supplies,
Not worthy your regarding,
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